

BUSINESS GIRLS—THE INFLUENCE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT

Are "Masculine Females" the Product of Woman's Contact With the Commercial World?

By ELLEN ADAIR

THE "delectable masculinity" of the average business woman is the subject of a distribe in the latter column of a morning newspaper recently, which is so biased and so insulting to the vast army of self-supporting women that it is a wonder any man, even a brave one, had the courage to submit it to the public's perusal.

"It is almost impossible," says the individual, "for a woman to go into business with men for any length of time without becoming slightly coarsened, and they all lose that refinement and indefinable charm that the good, modest, home girl possesses, and then business women often wonder why men do not give their seats in the cars as formerly, and why they often use language in their presence that they would not think of using in the presence of the home girl."

It is rather amusing the way the gentleman argues, isn't it? A good, sweet girl, unused to the ways of the world is forced by economic pressure to go into business in order to earn her own living. When she gets out into this bad, bad world her most intimate associates are men, and alas, black a day, she becomes coarsened and hopelessly unrefined!

Of course, it never occurs to the writer of the epistle to blame his own sex. No, if women, by associating in a business way with men, lose that subtle, indefinable something which is femininity's chief charm, it is her fault, of course. The men are not asked to refrain from swearing, to so mend their ways as to make them fit associates for the women, who, unfortunately, have to work with them. Oh, no, this would be too much, indeed. Instead, let the women keep away, and then they won't get hurt.

Thus argues the man. Even if you grant that his assertions are well taken, that women who have to work become less attractive, is not his attitude one of blind prejudice when he puts the blame on women?

Certainly, a person who knows anything at all about economic conditions of the present time realizes that the majority of women in the commercial world today are there because of necessity, and not because they want to be, but because they have to be.

Sometimes they are not only self-supporting, but little children and helpless relatives are dependent on them. Would any one deny such a woman's right, nay, duty to go out and make what money she can?

Of course there is another class, the woman who has no income of her own and who, if she does not marry early in life, must be dependent on some male relative for every nickel or cent she spends. This woman refuses to marry the first man who comes along, but she does marry and her moral education has progressed to a point far for her to settle down and become a parasite. The result is that she sallies forth into the business world heavily and blithely resolves to wrest from the community by her labors enough money to satisfy her normal desires.

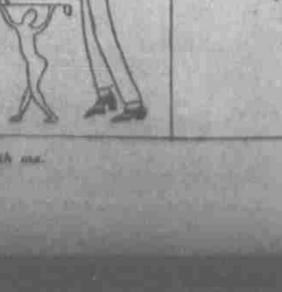
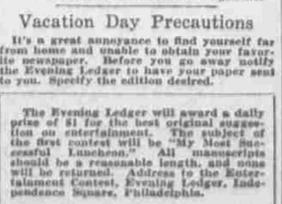
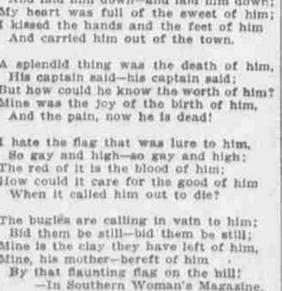
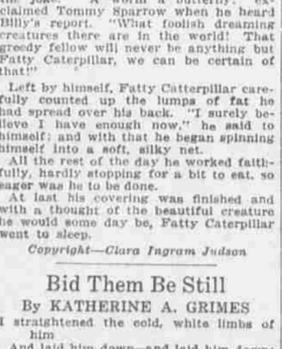
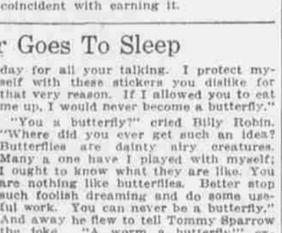
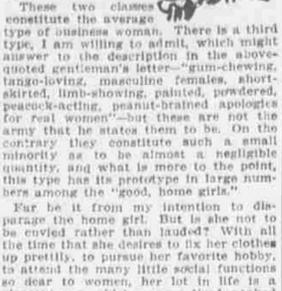
These two classes constitute the average. There is a third type, I am willing to admit, which might answer to the description in the above-quoted gentleman's letter—"gum-chewing, tan-go-leaving, masculine females, short-skirted, limb-showing, painted, powdered, peacock-catching, peanut-brained apologetics for real women"—but these are not the women who constitute such a small minority as to be almost a negligible quantity, and what is more to the point, this type has its prototype in large numbers among the "good, home girls."

For, be it from my intention to disparage the home girl, but is she not to be envied rather than lauded? With all the time that she desires to fix her clothes up prettily, to pursue her favorite hobby, to attend the many little social functions so dear to women, her lot in life is a pleasant one, which many a tired, peaked business girl would be glad to take in exchange for her own, did conditions but permit.

Deep in the heart of every "really" and truly woman lies an "un-up-root-able" home instinct. Every woman dreams some day of the little home which shall be her own. Sometimes her dream never comes true, but more often than not it does, and the matrimonial and divorce specialists have long ago decided that the business woman makes a better wife than the home girl, who doesn't know the value of money or the grind and competition which are coincident with earning it.

day for all your talking. I protest myself with these stickers you dislike for that very reason. If I allowed you to eat me up, I would never become a butterfly.

"You a butterfly?" cried Billy Robin. "Where did you ever get such an idea? Butterflies are dainty airy creatures. Many a one have I played with myself; I ought to know what they are like. You are nothing like butterflies. Better stop such foolish dreaming and do some useful work. You can never be a butterfly. I ought to know what the value of money is. All the rest of the day he worked faithfully, hardly stopping for a bit to eat, so eager was he to be done.



JOHN W. WESCOTT'S MOTHER DIES AT 90

Attorney General of New Jersey Loses Race to Gain Her Bedside Before the End.

Attorney General John W. Wescott, of New Jersey, learned today that he had lost a race with death that brought him hurrying back to Berlin, N. J., from Denver. His mother, Mrs. Catharine O. Wescott, 90 years old, died last night. The Attorney General reached Berlin 10 hours later this morning.

No arrangements for the funeral have been made as yet. All other members of the family were at the bedside when death came. Attorney General Wescott, who is the man who made the speech nominating Woodrow Wilson for President at Baltimore, started for the Panama-Pacific Exposition more than a week ago.

Two days later Mrs. Wescott became ill, and physicians found that her recovery, owing to her advanced age, was impossible. The Attorney General had not left a complete itinerary of his trip with relatives and it took them a long time to locate him. Then it was too late.

President to Go to "Summer" Capital CHICAGO, July 23.—President Wilson will leave Washington soon for another short vacation trip at Cornish, N. H., the White House announced today. He may spend Sunday with his family at the "summer capital," it was stated. He will go with him many papers and will do considerable work. He expects to be gone a week or ten days.

Before leaving the President will announce many appointments and probably will select a State Department counselor. Chester Children in Concert-Dance CHESTER, Pa., July 23.—Hundreds of persons last night witnessed "Dances of All Nations," an entertainment given by the boys and girls from the city's eight public playgrounds in Washburn's Theatre under the direction of Miss Nellie E. Mason, the chief supervisor. Each playground represented a different nation and the youngsters were dressed in costumes native to that country.

Another Lemon Hill Protest A mass-meeting of more than 500 persons on the City Hall plaza last night signified that the Lemon Hill Association has not given up its fight for the continuation of the meetings in Fairmount Park this summer. The Rev. James B. Ely conducted the meeting, and a petition was forwarded to Eli Kirk Price, chairman of the Park Commission.

GIRL BORN BLIND 25 YEARS AGO GETS SIGHT AND LIVES IN WONDER



She Cannot Recognize More Than a Few of the Thousand Objects She Sees Every Day Now Until She Touches Them. "In New Universe," She Says.

THE greatest gift is often the most unexpected. None will doubt that this was so in the case of Miss Tomayna Carlyle, born blind 25 years ago, and recently to remaining sightless all her life, who suddenly found that she could see one day recently while sitting on the deck of a steamship on route from San Pedro to San Francisco, Cal.

This young woman today is living her childhood all over again. She cannot recognize more than a few of the thousand objects she sees every day now until she touches them. This is one of the most remarkable features of her experience. "I am in a new universe," she says. "One in which my eyes are not yet able to convey definite impressions to my brain, because my brain does not yet know just what the pictured scenes really mean. Things are pictured so differently to the blind eyes from what they really are. Yesterday I saw some small living thing coming toward me, and I did not know what it was until I touched it. Then I knew it was a dot."

Miss Carlyle was born at La Crosse, Wis., the youngest of nine children. She attended a kindergarten and later was graduated from the Wisconsin State School for the Blind. Against many protests she entered the La Crosse State Normal School and obtained a diploma, and then she tutored children. By this she earned money enough to enter the University of California, where she is now completing her studies.

Dr. Shaw to Fight Case Contest for Possession of Automobile Grows More Lively.

Developments in the contest between Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and the Delaware County Commissioners over the possession of the former's car came to light today when it was learned that Doctor Shaw refused to allow her counsel to furnish a bond in substitution for her little yellow car, "Eastern Victory."

How the Body Fights Death Germs By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. The president of the American Academy of Medicine tells us how our bodies acquire immunity against infectious diseases. Of course, "medicos" know it, but most of us can't absorb their strange talk. So Woods Hutchinson gives us a highly understandable and interesting gist of the subject in the language of ordinary man.

SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER Order From Your Dealer TODAY

SHORE BATHERS WHO WALK ON STREETS IN SUITS TURNED BACK

Atlantic City Police, Stationed at Each Avenue, Do Not Permit Those Without Outer Coverings to Go on Beach.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 23.—The new edict about the dress of bathers, who come from hotels or cottages along the avenues to the bathing grounds, was partially put into effect yesterday, but will be rigorously enforced from today on. All bathers who walk along the streets must have an outer covering long enough to come below the knees. Sweaters and coats are barred. Policemen were stationed at the beach end of every avenue to stop bathers who were not properly attired from going on the beach. They are on duty from 9 o'clock in the morning.

A number of people who were stopped yesterday morning waited until the 13 o'clock whistles blew and then visited the beach, while a number of others who found out that several small avenues were not under police control, took that path to the beach. It was understood that bathers who escaped the eyes of the police on their trip to the beach would be stopped when they started to go back to their hotels, but this was found to be an impossibility. There was no way of corralling the crowd on the beach, and the bathers who did not come up to the standard of street attire, only had to plead hunger to the policemen and they turned and looked in another direction. The order will be a difficult one to enforce, although people are taking it in a good-natured manner.

Driftwood parties are the latest fad among the fashionable people in the residential district. A journey is made to the stretch of beach on the lower end of the island, far away from the built-up section, and after a huge pile of damp wood has been gathered it is coaxed into flames, and the party gathers around it, sits on the sand and talks tales of romance or adventure. It differs from a marshmallow toast inasmuch as no sweets are cooked. If anything is eaten, it is generally watermelon. Care is taken to see that enough wood is on hand to keep the bonfires burning brightly for an hour or two.

There is a movement on foot to give an aviation meet here during August, using the two flying boats now here as the first entries in a number of events and with prizes offered of such value that airmen would be attracted from all parts of the United States. Mrs. Otto Eisenlohr, of Walnut street, is occupying her Chelsea cottage and will remain here until the middle of September.

John H. Keenan is one of the Boardwalk strollers down here for a two-weeks' vacation. Mr. Keenan was formerly a Magistrate in Philadelphia, but is now engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Donohue, of Falls of Schuylkill, are at a prominent hotel for a long stay. Mr. Donohue is a manufacturer in Philadelphia. James J. Toner, superintendent of the department of inquiry in the Emigration Bureau at Ellis Island, is a visitor at one of the hotels. Jay Mastbaum, manager of the Palace Theatre, has rented apartments for a month, and will spend much of his time here until September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Karlovass, of Philadelphia, are located at a beach-front hotel for a lengthy stay. Mr. Karlovass owns a hotel in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Felin and family, of Philadelphia, are here for the rest of the season. Mr. Felin is in the mercantile business in North Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Welsh, of Milrose Park, have leased a cottage in Chelsea until October. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Gates and family, of St. Martins, are Chelsea cottagers who will stay until late in the fall. Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Shmlahelzer, of Philadelphia, are States avenue cottagers who will remain here until the middle of October.

Marcus Hook P. O. Removal Urged MARCUS HOOK, Pa., July 23.—Citizens of this borough are circulating a petition which will be sent to the Federal Postoffice Department requesting the removal of the local postoffice from the outskirts of the borough to the heart of the business district.

PLEXO GREASELESS CLEANSING CREAMS TUBES & JARS All Drug and Dept. Stores

DUCKS SHED WATER White Shoe Dressing Ducks White Dressing makes shoes sheer white, soilproof and waterproof. It is far better than liquids or paste—can't cake and lasts longer. 25c—Suede-Canvas-Duck-Buckskin—10c Sold by all shoe dealers and most druggists. Sellisen Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

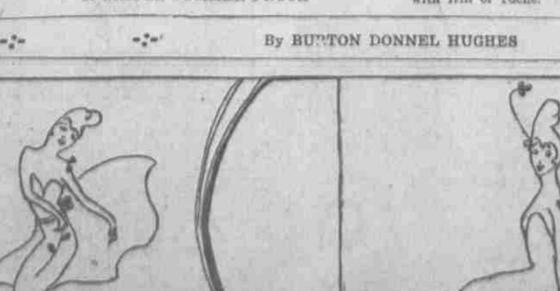
NET TOP LACE MAKES A DAINY TRIMMING ON LATE SUMMER GOWNS

SUMMER materials are getting more and more attractive as the season wears on. Almost every woman has made her selection of summer gowns by now, and of course, but which one of us is above choosing another frock if the irresistible temptation should present itself? It is safe to say that no daughter of Eve would say no to the opportunity.

Crepe of all kinds made their bow to us early in the summer. Flowered and printed styles are particularly good. Another popular favorite is the dotted crepe gown. These came to us from our best American designers, and made an instant bid for favor with fashionable women. Variations of the dotted crepe gown are seen every day, and one of the most effective styles is shown in today's fashion.

The color scheme of this little gown is baby blue and white, the most attractive, as well as the most conventional of combinations. Net-top lace is used as the chief decoration and with a decidedly chic effect. The long-sleeved bodice has an upstanding collar of coarse white net, with a small velvet bow of a darker ciel blue at the front. These are also used to catch the full sleeves in at the wrist. The waist line is high—just a little above the normal—with dainty rows of velvet.

A double-tunic effect is imparted to the skirt by means of the net, which is draped in very full gathers all the way around the skirt and trimmed with inserts of the top lace at the front. The style is not unlike a Russian tunic, as the underskirt is perfectly plain. Collarless Blouses Paris sanctions collarless daytime bodices; also makes an occasional model low and round, or shallow and oval, or shallow and pointed, and finishes in very simple fashion with frill or ruche.



A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK

Fatty Caterpillar Goes To Sleep

NOON time came. The warm sun shone down on the drowsy garden and all the creatures dozed or slept. All but Fatty Caterpillar. The warmth only made him the more hungry and he started up the side of the second biggest cabbage, eating, eating all the way.

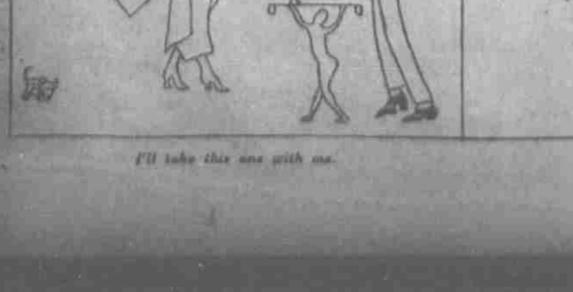
"Soon I will be fat enough," he whispered to himself as he took a bigger bite. "Soon I may spin. Soon my dreams will come true, and he went on eating for good measure. Up in the tree near by, Billy Robin stirred and blinked his left eye. "What's the use of sleeping all the afternoon? I asked himself lazily. "I have half a mind to fly over to the cabbage patch and get me a worm." He blinked his other eye, looked up and down and around for company; finding none, he flew leisurely over to the cabbage patch. And there he saw Fatty Caterpillar.

"Hello, there! Fatty!" he called desisively. "You still eating?" "To be sure! Why not?" replied Fatty between bites. "I must eat and eat and eat."

"You a butterfly?" cried Billy Robin. "Where did you ever get such an idea?" "I am not a worm!" exclaimed Fatty Caterpillar excitedly. "I'm a caterpillar and that's a very different thing. Of course it is!" said Billy Robin quickly. "don't you think I know anything? If you were a worm, you would have nice slick sides and I could eat you up for my afternoon tea. But as you are a caterpillar, I can do nothing of the sort. Why do you arm yourself with such poisonous stickers on your sides? If you are a bird, as you say you are, why not protect yourself as we do by flying away from harm? Why carry poison? That is unprofitable!"

"Every one his own way," replied Fatty Caterpillar patiently; "but I will fly some day for all your talking. I protest myself with these stickers you dislike for that very reason. If I allowed you to eat me up, I would never become a butterfly."

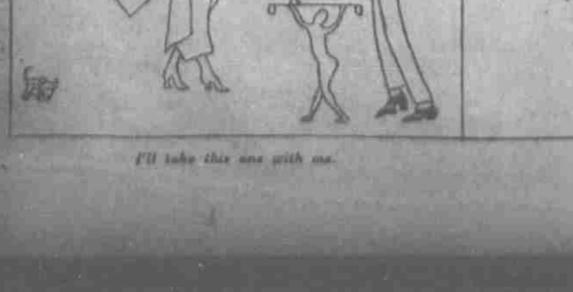
"You a butterfly?" cried Billy Robin. "Where did you ever get such an idea? Butterflies are dainty airy creatures. Many a one have I played with myself; I ought to know what they are like. You are nothing like butterflies. Better stop such foolish dreaming and do some useful work. You can never be a butterfly. I ought to know what the value of money is. All the rest of the day he worked faithfully, hardly stopping for a bit to eat, so eager was he to be done. At last his covering was finished and with a thought of the beautiful creature he would some day be, Fatty Caterpillar went to sleep.



There? No, a trifle vulgar. Much better. Now that is just divine!!

SALLY, OF PEACOCK ALLEY

By BURTON DONNEL HUGHES



There? No, a trifle vulgar. Much better. Now that is just divine!!

THE DREAM GIRL OF VANITY FAIR



There? No, a trifle vulgar. Much better. Now that is just divine!!